MEMOIR

OF

MARTHA LUCY PEASE.

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A memoir of Martha Lucy
Pease.

Section

S. H. Allen
1870

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"Those that seek me early, shall find me."
Proverbs viii. 17

Mary Aggs

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1859

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PREFACE.

"She, being dead, yet speaketh."

My dear Grandchildren,

The above Scripture language has again and again arisen, whilst re-perusing the letters and memoranda of *my* beloved daughter—*your* precious mother. They testify to the power of that grace by which she was, what she was, and which, from almost her earliest years, wrought effectively in her soul, to the subduing of that which was inimical to the Divine will; introducing into the new birth unto righteousness, a being born again in Christ,—He who had

redeemed, who had sanctified, and ultimately presented her faultless before the presence of his glory, with exceeding joy.

Your dear mother, in holy confidence and strong faith, committed you, her infant children, unto the unslumbering Shepherd of Israel, who had safely conducted her own youthful feet amidst many and varied fascinating allurements, —gently leading beside the still waters—causing her to repose in the green pastures of life, and to experience the Divine banner to be extended over her, with the joyful assurance, that, that banner was redeeming love.

Portions of this Memoir appeared in the "Annual Monitor" for the year 1855 ; to which have been added extracts from letters, and a few of her memoranda. The selection has been made in the earnest desire that it may not only

be fraught with interest, but also that it may tend, through the Divine blessing, to your spiritual instruction,—attracting your steps in the early morning of your day into the path of holiness; that, when your warfare is accomplished, you may unite with her in the anthem of praise, and be admitted into the same glorious inheritance—into life eternal.

Your affectionately attached

GRANDMOTHER.

MEMOIR

OF

MARTHA LUCY PEASE.

The following memento of one, who in the morning of her day, was called to her heavenly home, is intended, not as an encomium on her virtues, but as serving to magnify that grace whereby she was redeemed from the spirit of the world, and prepared, through abounding love and mercy, for one of the many mansions pro-

mised by our gracious Lord to his followers ; and in her was early fulfilled his Divine request—"Father I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am ; that they may behold my glory." Her experience of the Lord's goodness and love is given, that it may serve as a beacon to the tempest-tossed voyager ; as a warning to the thoughtless passer through this world, and as an encouragement to the pilgrim seeking a better country—even a heavenly.

Martha Lucy Pease was the only surviving daughter of Henry and Mary Aggs, and was born at Upton House, Essex, on the 15th of Fifth Month, 1824. Her early years were marked by great sweetness of character ; and, possessing a warm and affectionate disposition, she was especially beloved by those around her :

evincing by kindness and courtesy of manner her desire to promote their comfort. Whilst very young she gave evidence of having been visited by the convictions of the Holy Spirit; and much can be remembered which shewed that her tender mind was attracted to that blessed Saviour, who graciously said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

The following are extracts from letters written about the ages of six, nine, and twelve years :—

White Cottage, 1830.

My very dear Mamma,

I hope thou wilt accept the texts I have written on this paper: "He will never leave nor forsake thee." "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness.

PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while I live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when I die.

After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity.
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss will never end.

Eighth Month 17*th*, 1833.

My ever dear Parents,

Thank thee, my dear mamma, for thy nice, kind, and acceptable letter. I very often think of you, and every day love you more and more. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder, says the poet, and I

am sure I quite agree here with him. I am very sorry for being ever disobedient to thee, and when I think of it sometimes it makes me feel quite unhappy. I very often think of the little verse—"Oh, if I could but meet again, 't would be my play to do her will; and she should never sigh again for my behaving ill." But we, I hope, I trust, will have the privilege of meeting again, and then, it shall be my play to do thy will, and thou shall never have to sigh again for my behaving ill. I am also very sorry, if I have ever been unkind to dear little Harry, and pray tell him so; I should be very glad to see him. I was much grieved to hear of ——'s sudden death; but I hope he was prepared for it.

Believe me, always your affectionate child,

MARTHA LUCY AGGS.

Frome, Dec. 4th, 1836.

My dear ——,

I have thought a great deal of my poor cousins, especially ——. I do not at all know what state of mind she was in when she died; but I truly hope she now wears a crown of glory, and that all her sorrows are now past. I believe her dear father went to that Paradise above; and oh, what a happy meeting, to meet her Saviour and her God, and to sing, with her beloved father, praises to God and to the Lamb for ever! I sometimes think I should like to die, but I know not the sting; and if I were to die now, O what would be my portion? I hope to be spared to conquer my temper, and to be more kind and obedient to dear papa, mamma, and thee, my dear governess. I will pray for strength, and will try.

Dear ——, the young must die as well as the old; and I ought to be ready,—why should He spare

me, more than any of my neighbours. We are prone to sin: it is with very great difficulty that I give up to dear little Harry; but when I remember that every time I give up, it will be less difficult the next time, I think it quite worth while to do it; besides giving him pleasure; and these words generally come to my mind, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God!" Oh, what an honour to be called a child of God! Who would not be eager to be called that? . . . . When I make my poor simple prayer to God at night, I do not forget thee—I pray that thy pain may be diminished. I would cheerfully bear one half of it for thee, if it should be His will. Indeed, I do love thee, and, though I am often naughty, I am always sorry when I let the tempter have so much dominion over me. . . . .

Thy sincerely affectionate pupil,

MARTHA LUCY AGGS.

We may perceive by the foregoing letters that this dear child was early in the practice of self-examination; and absence from those she so tenderly loved, caused her at times to scrutinize her conduct towards them with undue severity; for, although of a high spirit, her peculiarly sensitive feelings evidenced that the momentary impulse was soon brought under subjection. Her governess, to whom the last letter was addressed, was a person of deeply religious experience and cultivated intellect, but of delicate health. To this friend she became much attached, and letters she occasionally wrote to her, evince the tenderness of her conscience; and that in the fear of God this young disciple was endeavouring to pursue her heavenward journey. As she grew up, continuing to yield to the tendering visitations of Divine love,

her mind seems gradually to have matured in the Christian life—the life of God in the soul—she became very prayerful; spent portions of time daily in studiously reading the Holy Scriptures, in seeking, and sometimes sweetly partaking of communion with her God and Saviour. It became evident, by her increasingly watchful and self-denying conduct—her closely guarded conversation—her readiness to sacrifice her own pleasure to promote the comfort of those around her—her desire to protect the character of the absent, to put the kindest construction upon the motives and actions of others; so gentle and diffident, yet evincing much Christian courage, that the seed of the Kingdom was sown in good ground; and that, giving all diligence, she was adding to faith virtue, knowledge, patience, charity.

The following letters to her brother Henry, her junior by three years, are so characteristic of her tenderness and love, and exhibit such anxiety for his spiritual progress, that they seem to claim a special place in the present memoir; particularly as a few years later, after a short illness, he was summoned to an early grave.

Croydon, June 11th, 1841.

My very dear Brother,

I have been looking forward to the 12th with great pleasure, my dear Henry. Not that I am to have the delight of seeing thee on that day, but to make up for that, by writing thee a letter, to greet thee on the fourteenth anniversary of thy natal day; and mayst thou, my dear, see many happy returns of that day, and on each succeeding one mayst thou be able to feel that thou hast made progress heavenward, as

well as risen in eminence among thy fellow-travellers in this vale of sorrow.

Dorchester, Feb. 25th, 1842.

My very dear Henry,

. . . . I hope thou endeavours to profit by any advice he (thy brother) may give thee, remembering how much more knowledge and experience he has; and, my dear Henry, "knowledge is power,"—is it not so? I was pleased to hear of J. J. G. and wife being at Newington, and was also glad thou liked what they had to say, and I hope thou profits from it. Thou hast the privilege of attending meetings which thy sister is now deprived of. Oh, my dear H., value it highly: and whilst thou art at meeting, do try to let thy thoughts be centred on the right object, and not wandering hither and thither. Do not, my dearest, forget, while thou hast so many blessings, the Source from whence they flow, and the Giver of

them all. If thou art not grateful, how canst thou expect them to be continued. Thy sister often thinks of thee—yes, very often—and most earnestly desires thy welfare in every way.

To the Same.

Dorchester, May 15th, 1842.

The town clock has just now struck twelve, the chimes are still going, and I have sat up a few minutes later, that I might address my first lines to thee on this eighteenth anniversary of my birth-day. Eighteen! How time rolls on. I know I might have employed my time much better than I have; but regret for the past is useless; let me treasure the present; and I trust my beloved brother, "on his eighteenth birth-day," may be very much better than his sister in every respect; but, most of all, that he may have made more progress in the Christian career than she has. My darling brother,

seek first the kingdom of heaven; believing that then "all other things shall be added." Adieu for to-night.

Castle Meadow, Norwich, April 12th, 1842.

Do, dear Henry, endeavour to get on in all thou canst; golden moments are those now in thy possession—the use of which will be of either lasting benefit or loss: Thou canst at a future time play, but not at a future time canst thou so readily gain information. Let then, every moment, be turned to the best account; and with all thy endeavours do not forget the one thing needful.—"Lay up for thyself treasure in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through, nor steal; for where thy treasure is, there is the heart also." Remember that, my beloved Henry, —"where the treasure is, there is the heart also."

To the Same.

Third Month 13*th*, 1844.

I had a nice walk this morning, and called to see a poor girl who has been ill for some time, and seems in a very sweet state of mind. Ah! my dear Henry, how unwise are those who now have the opportunity, to put aside seeking the one great end of our existence! Let the young, let the thoughtless know, the pains of the body will be quite sufficient to bear, without having then to make their peace with God. And how do we know the bed of languishing will be our portion? how do we know that we shall not be cut down in a moment, without time to reflect—are we prepared? And how awful will it be for him who is not ready! Oh! my beloved brother, how ardently do I desire that thou mayst seek the pearl of great price, which will afford that true happiness which this world cannot give, and which it is not able to take away. We shall then, having obtained for-

giveness for our sins, through the blood of Jesus, be ready and watching his call, which will only take us from here, where we have endeavoured to glorify Him, to the world above, where we may and shall glorify Him perfectly; and this day may not be far from any of us:—the old must go—the young may. Man is compared to a flower, which to-day is, to-morrow is cut down.

[*Without Date.*]

Oh, my dear Henry, what are all the riches and power of this world, when compared with the inheritance prepared by our dear Lord for his followers! And those that seek Him early, he will not forsake in their oldage, but will uphold them with a strong arm; and though the Christian's path is not an unruffled one, yet his end is a glorious one, and the trials he encounters here are not to be compared with the glories which he will possess: and, my dear

brother, may we each run so as to obtain the incorruptible crown, and hear the blessed words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" But it is only through the blood of Jesus this can be.

Saffron Walden, Sixth Month 11th, 1845.

(Before breakfast seven o'clock.)

My darling Henry,

As to-morrow is the anniversary of the happy day which gave thee to us, I do not like to let it pass without an earnest of my affection. I hope thou will not think the enclosed too trifling for thy acceptance, but receive it as a little token of very much love, and many fervent desires for thy happiness here and glory hereafter. Yes, my dear brother, if it be through great tribulation, mayst thou "wash thy robes, and make them white in the blood of the Lamb;" mayst thou be a lamb of the great Shep-

herd's fold; early may thy footsteps be turned heavenward, in the narrow way which leads to life eternal; and then, when the pale messenger shall come, death shall lose its sting—the grave its victory. I hope, my dear Henry may very much enjoy his intended trip with dear papa, and return with fresh health and spirits to resume his tasks. Farewell my dear boy. My best wishes awaiting thee, I must remain, as ever,

Thy affectionately attached Sister,

MARTHA LUCY AGGS.

[*Without Date.*

MY VERY DEAR HENRY,

I thank thee for thy letter received this morning. I am always glad to hear from thee. Another time I hope, my dear, thou wilt be at the Quarterly Meeting—thou canst if thou wilt: and I hope thou wilt feel a drawing. I quite agree with thee in what

thou said about large gatherings; but remember this is the Quarterly Meeting to which you belong, and it is incumbent on its members to keep it up. If everyone said as thou dost, where would be the meetings, and where our Society? I believe, dear Henry, the enemy ever knowing our weakest points, is often very vigilant in trying to persuade us we can do equally well without assembling together. Ah! my love, mayst thou be enabled to say, in every temptation: "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Can we doubt that the foregoing records, with many others of similar import, penned by this attached sister, assisted, under the Divine blessing, in strengthening and maturing in the mind of her brother those precious influences of Heavenly love, with which he was visited. She knew the difficulties that attend the youthful traveller in his Christian course, and the snares

laid for his inexperienced feet; and, sympathizing with him, endeavoured prayerfully to direct him where she had herself found help, even to Jesus, the unslumbering Shepherd.

A few extracts from other of her memoranda and letters, will further illustrate her spiritual exercises, and the character of her Christian experience.

Twelfth Month 31*st*, 1841.—I have endeavoured during this month to rise early and employ my time usefully. In reflecting on the events of this year, I feel my own shortcomings. How little, spiritual growth has kept pace with the advantages I enjoy; yet, through the assistance of my Heavenly Father, I have often endeavoured after watchfulness, and that I may truly be prepared, whenever the summons may come, to hear with joy the call of my Lord. And now, on entering a fresh year, O assist thy

handmaiden more humbly and diligently to follow in every good work, to the promotion of thy glory.

Fourth Month 1*st,* 1843.—A letter mentions that —— has spoken in meeting for the first time. She is only twenty; very young for such a service: but I believe the Lord will be with her, and support her: and while I have dwelt much on her being called so early, I have thought that the still small voice whispered to me, "Go thou and do likewise." O, my Heavenly Father! if it be thy blessed will, may I humbly obey.

Fifth Month 15*th* (her birthday).—What improvement has this year been made? O! how far short do I fall. I cannot think the day's work has kept pace with the day; but yet I trust that, through Divine grace, the time has not been spent idly. Several little givings up have been accomplished. O, my heavenly Father! work in me, and mould me for thy service—for thy glory.

Sixth Month 2*nd.*—The Yearly Meeting ended.

A nice time. If I am never again permitted to attend one, this leaves a sweet savour. I trust I am resigned to thy will, O my Heavenly Father; for I feel assured of thy love, and that thou wilt never leave nor forsake me, though so unworthy of thy love, thy long-suffering, and thy mercy.

Tenth Month 9th.—My Saviour has been very near; He soothes me when I am bowed down with weakness.

> "Thou that art love, O pity and forgive,
> And let thy breath,
> Touch and make pure the flame
> That knows not death,
> Bearing it up to Heaven, Love's own abode."

Yes, to Thy care let me commit what is most precious, and say "Thy will be done."

Sixth Month 5th.—To-day called on ——, and felt a desire to hand a little encouragement to dear E., but felt so weak, and fearful it should be in my own strength that I did not. O, my Father, bear

with thy unprofitable servant, and graciously be yet near to assist me.

Norwich, Twelfth Month 6th, 1843.

Cousin H. C. B. gave me a very kind and sweet address, hoping in my youth I might give myself up to the Lord—to what was required: the longer it was delayed, the harder the struggle was, and that the way of the Lord was the way of peace. I hope I may profit by what she said, and that we may all meet in heaven, however widely we are scattered here.

Yarmouth, Twelfth Month 10th, 1843.

. . . . What a small company is the meeting here! To me it seems very much fallen off, yet it is consoling to remember that where two or three are gathered together in the name of the Lord, He has declared, there is He in the midst of them: and though, where there is nothing outward to draw our thoughts, they are apt to stray, and our devotions

become lifeless; yet He will quicken with his Holy Spirit those who truly desire this precious gift, and will answer the silent, heartfelt prayer of his own sheep, wherever scattered; yet there is something forlorn and distressing to see our little band dissolving, and losing the early bright and deep religion it professed.

Towards the latter end of the year 1846 she met with a severe trial, in the illness and death of her beloved brother Henry, over whom she had watched with so much Christian earnestness, and to whom, during the short period of his illness, she became the tender and affectionate nurse. It was in this time of deep anxiety that she addressed the following letter to an endeared and sympathising relative :—

Twelfth Month 10*th*, 1846.

We seem tossed to and fro by hopes and fears, yet I humbly believe, in the depths of distress, the great

"I Am" was graciously with us, nor will inflict more than He gives strength to bear. To-day we hope, though it may be with trembling, that our beloved Henry is better. . . . . He looks ill, but so calm; and every attention is acknowledged by a sweet smile, if not by words. His mind has, I believe, truly turned to heavenly things; and some days since he told us all fear of death was taken away; yet, if it pleased his gracious Master, he should like to be raised up to his glory.

The pleasing hope herein expressed was not realized; the disease, which was typhus fever, progressed; and on the 13th of Twelfth Month, awaiting his change, with humble joy and expectation, at intervals uttering the words, "Blessed Jesus!—come—but wait thy time," his redeemed spirit gently passed away, we humbly trust, to join the ransomed of all generations, in ascribing to the Lord God and the Lamb, glory, honour, thanksgiving and praise.

His decease took place at Saffron Walden, where the family were then residing; subsequently, in the same month, they removed to Tottenham, in the neighbourhood of London.

Though deeply feeling the loss she had sustained, she endeavoured to bow in humble resignation to the will of Him, who "does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men;" and in writing to her beloved mother says:—

"The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth," and though no chastening for the present seemeth joyous, yet if it worketh the reformation intended, and brings us closer to the Lord, surely we ought to bless the severe! The note of —— is a sweet one, and we ought to rejoice that, washed in the blood of the Lamb, he whom we have so tenderly loved is realising even more affection above, than thou, our precious mother, could possibly bestow on thy child.

To the Same.

Twelfth Month, 1846.

I have thought much of thee and of our darling Henry; and as I was alone in the dressing-room last evening, I felt as if his sweet spirit yet hovered around me. Dear boy! each scene during that touching illness has passed again and again before my mind's eye.

Third Month 23*rd*, 1847.—"The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." Father, I feel my need of thy hourly assistance. Leave me not, neither forsake me, thou God of my salvation; for in Thee do I trust. I desire to cast all my cares upon Thee, and for Thee to guide me in the path, to Thy own glory; and, O ever let me remember, I have nothing to boast of, but to Thee be all the honour and all the praise. Lead me into a sphere of usefulness while here, in accordance with Thy will, whether to do or to suffer, as it may best please Thee. And O, thou

God of love, in thy mercy forgive, and yet again forgive, the transgressions of Thy handmaiden. Set a watch upon my mouth, that I sin not with my lips. Give me wisdom and understanding, and enable me to keep thy law, and finally, through the merits of a crucified and risen Saviour, admit me into the realms of bliss, for ever to dwell with Him,

"Whom though absent I love ;
Whom not having seen I adore."

And, O Father, hear the cries of thy people on behalf of the poor inhabitants who have fallen under Thy hand in Ireland. Stretch forth thy holy arm, and say "It is enough ;" and bless the efforts used to save their poor perishing bodies, and their immortal souls. Shed abroad thy grace amongst them, and let the song of praise be raised to thee, by the suffering Hibernian.

Eleventh Month 7th.—Thanks be unto Thee for all thy mercy! In Thee do I trust. Fulfil the petitions of my heart, for the sake of Thy beloved

Son, for thou God seest me; and Thou knowest there are seasons, when I could lay down everything at thy feet, and adopt the language, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him." O there is nothing I desire here in comparison of Thee; and to do Thy will, to run in the way of Thy commandments is my chiefest pleasure: and yet the deep baptisms permitted Thy servants! sometimes I am ready to think the valley is particularly my place. O keep me there, dearest Father, if there I most experience the riches of Thy grace.

Third Month, 1848.—How little things distract my attention. How needful to be on the watch. Oh that I might never be a stumbling block to others; but by a lowly and consistent walk, glorify God, and be a useful member of his militant church.

Fifth Month 7th.—This month has set in with beautiful weather. The country looks beautiful: how lovely the prospect! But in my solitude, conflicting thoughts have almost distracted my mind,

and none have witnessed my tears. How fervently I desire to do that which is right in the Divine sight, He only, who knows every thought, can tell. I sometimes believe the deep baptisms have tended to my advancement heavenward, and oh! then I have not had one trial too much.

Fifth Month 17*th*.—How transitory are the things of time, and how all-important to have our trust fixed on Him who can bless and blast everything! If we know Him as our Leader, Priest, and King, cast down we may be, but not forsaken; yet, at times, faith is so weak, and our souls' adversary so beguiling, even appearing as an Angel of light; but the Lord is our helper, and to the care of this Shepherd and Bishop of souls would I commend thee, my dear ——, with all whom thou and I hold precious.

Ninth Month 23*rd*.—This has been a stormy day, my poor mind beaten and tossed. Arise for my help, O Lord! let me never lose my trust in thee,

but do Thou steer the tempest-tossed bark to the haven of peace, there for ever to anchor safely on the Heavenly shore.

Constrained by the love of Christ, and making the discipline of her own heart her daily care, as by these records of her inner life appears evident, did this beloved one, whilst in a remarkable degree attracting the admiration and esteem of all who knew her, and diffusing a sunshine of happiness around her, grow from strength to strength in the Christian course; cultivating that charity which beareth, believeth, hopeth, endureth, and is kind. She possessed at the same time a good insight into general character, and never connived at what she deemed wrong in others, aptly applying to their actions, when circumstances required it, those high principles of honour, integrity, and justice,

by which she was herself governed; she was bold in reproving the untruthful and the unjust, especially when espousing the cause of the defamed and the oppressed. When about nineteen she undertook a Bible district. The spread of the Holy Scriptures was an object which her love for the Redeemer's cause made very dear to her. Besides this, she was pleased to unite in various plans of usefulness among the poor, paying domiciliary visits among them in her own neighbourhood. Unfailing kindness, urbanity, sound judgment, with tender sympathy and generosity towards real distress, were marked features in her character, and rendered her a valued coadjutor and a true friend to the outcast and afflicted. It is by referring to her letters and memoranda that we more particularly trace the religious tenor of her mind.

Eleventh Month 9th, 1847.

My beloved Cousin,

It was quite a pleasure to receive thy letter a few days ago, and I wish to take an early opportunity of thanking thee for it,—indeed I have intended to write for some time, but I have felt at times that sufficient for the day were (I may not say the evil) the cares thereof; yet I feel bound to acknowledge that infinite mercy and goodness have followed me hitherto, and at seasons I have been ready to add the language of Job,—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Oh all is well that He ordereth, and our times are in his hand. The return of this season brings afresh the conflict of last year, when our darling Henry was on a bed of languishing, and his redeemed spirit took its flight to the realms of bliss. Oh joyful thought! often when trial surrounds me here, does the song of praise ascend that he is free.

Bruce Grove, Third Month 8th, 1848.

Truly consolatory is the sympathy of those we love.—Ah! how apt we are to cling to and rest in things here, rather than fix our sole dependence on One above! Yet, are there not seasons, dear ——, when we feel the love of our Heavenly Father drawing us to himself, and we seem to know Him, our Comforter, our Counsellor, our sure Refuge, through the merits of a crucified and risen Saviour.

Fourth Month 21st, 1848.—Oh, my beloved cousin, that thou and I may not flinch from hard sayings, even from baptismal suffering: most assuredly flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; but what things we were ready to count gain, are indeed loss to us; and if, through trials and tribulations, our sins go beforehand to judgment, and we are preserved in watchfulness and prayer, Divine strength and love will be perfected.

Fifth Month 2nd, 1849.—I often, my dear cousin,

bear thee in mind, and feel nearly and tenderly united to thee. Mayst thou be upheld through all thy steppings. Firm seems my belief, that He who has thus far been thy Leader and Helper, will be thy Rock and Support to the end. O He is such a gracious Master, such a tender Father, chiding so gently, rewarding so richly! Methinks it is little to give up all for such wages; though truly the struggle is often severe and the flesh so weak.

To the Same.

Fifth Month 29th.

Thy sweet and consoling letter reached me when I felt very low and much tossed, and I seemed to be cheered, and even to rejoice. . . . Oh the blessedness of being ready for the Master's call, and to feel no bonds to the perishing things of time! Happy state! to sit at the Master's feet, like Mary, waiting his command. And truly it is a comfort to know of your feeling so near to the Rock of Ages in this time of

trial. May He continue to hide you as in the hollow of his hand, to guide you by his counsel, and succour you in every way.

Ninth Month 1*st.*

My dearest Mamma,

——— has made me somewhat anxious, yet I desire to leave all to an allwise and unerring Providence; that cheerful contentment may be my portion in whatever lot it may please Him to place me. "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom!" And when with a stedfast eye we behold the joys in store for the redeemed of the Lord, what are all the trials and crosses of this transitory scene—but for a moment.

To the Same.

Tenth Month 27*th,* 1848.

I have been this morning to meeting. —— spoke; alluding to the peculiar privilege of sitting

together; casting aside the cares and trials of this world, in our favoured land, where we fear not sword nor molestation, to worship our Heavenly Father; desiring we might be bowed in spirit —humbled before God—praising Him for his mercy and his care. Oh how rich are these to his poor dependent children! they are new every morning. Each of those dear to me arose in my mind, and I think I felt enabled to cast all my care on Him, who, I believe, careth for the very least. E. G. D. gave me the following stanzas as expressive of her wishes for me :—

"Israel's Shepherd, gently lead her,
Where sweet Shiloh's waters flow;
In the lowly valley feed her,
Where the flocks in safety go.

Teach her to Thy voice to hearken,
Humbly following Thy behest;
Then when night the earth shall darken,
Take her to Thy fold of rest."

To the Same.

Eleventh Month 2nd, 1848.

Thus we see one after another summoned before the throne of the Judge of all the earth, to give account of the deeds done in the body. And oh! how blessed for those, who, through a Saviour's blood, are found in the wedding garment—by his merits permitted for ever to serve Him acceptably, the great Bridegroom of souls. My thoughts have been very frequently with my dear ——, desiring she may be helped forward in the work in prospect; and oh! it is indeed a blessed one to serve such a Master. Happy are they whom He anoints, and whom He enables to serve Him with a single eye. And, in connection with dearest ——, the words seem sweetly to arise, "Fear not thou worm Jacob I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." Please give my affectionate love to her. I hardly feel willing to intrude on her

time and thoughts by writing to her; but she is very often in my remembrance. Farewell, dearest! Oh, may my beloved parents long be spared to extend their watchful care over us, and may we more and more prize them.

Bruce Grove, Eleventh Month 15*th*, 1848.

My beloved Cousin,

It seems with me this evening to send a few lines to thee, in that love and sympathy which according to my small measure are granted me. Very often hast thou been in my affectionate remembrance since our little peep at each other in London; and I have been interested in hearing of thee since, and truly desire thou mayst be kept very near thy Lord and Master, and assisted to do all He may require at thy hand; and many are they who can testify He is not a hard master. Is not that peace which He giveth, worth more than all the world can bestow? Yes, and thou knowest it too, dear cousin, and art, I

believe, often made a large partaker of this sweet peace; and often do I long that I were as far advanced Zionward as thou art, dear; but it is all of unmerited mercy that He is at any time willing to regard so unworthy a suppliant, and that I am not cast off for ever. Oh! the love of Him who carries the lambs in his arms, and gently leads his flock; yes, in the green pastures, and beside the still waters.

Bruce Grove, Twelfth Month 28th, 1848.—I rejoice to be here again; and on my return the words arose in my mind—"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?" I feel such an unprofitable servant, so often departing from the path in which He would lead me; and yet He is pleased again and again to visit me with his love, and to whisper peace to my weary soul: "It is I, be not afraid." O, He will carry us through all, as we keep close to Him; and in the end, if we be permitted to

see the glory of his salvation, and the words, "Well done," are addressed to us, all the trials and crosses of this fleeting scene will sink as nothing before our view.

Bruce Grove, Twelfth Month 31*st*.—Often do I feel that thankfulness ought to ascend to the unslumbering Shepherd of Israel, for thus preserving us during a travel of many miles, and again restoring us in safety to those so dear. May He, my beloved cousin, be very near to you, and to your dear invalid, making all his bed in his sickness; lighting up the dark valley, and receiving him into the unfading inheritance prepared for his own little flock. I know it is hard to give up those we love, those we have tenderly watched over; but we must cast all our care on Him who careth for us; and contemplate our reunion with those loved ones, safe from the vicissitudes of this changing scene, in a world where adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.

In perusing the foregoing extracts, a deep conviction is felt of the Christian earnestness of the writer. The heart seems laid open before us, and we see its conflicts and its struggles. At the same time there is afforded a holy evidence, that she could commit all into the hands of a faithful Creator and Redeemer, who has said, "As thy day so shall thy strength be;" that she knew in whom she had believed; and that "He was able to keep that which she had committed to Him until that day."

In the spring of 1850 she was united in marriage with Thomas Pease, of Chapel Allerton, near Leeds. During their tour through the South of England and Brittany, before reaching her new home, she thus alludes to her feelings, while passing through Salisbury, in the recollection that on a former visit there, her brother Henry formed one of the party :—

Poole, Third Month 25th, 1850.

My dearest Mamma,

We proceeded on Seventh-day to Salisbury. We stopped at the Cathedral on the way to the train, and it recalled many associations, some of which could not fail to cast a shade over the bright and joyous scene; and yet in all, I believe the calm assurance prevailed, that "He hath done all things well." But I do not like, dearest Mamma, to call thy attention to those who no longer gladden with their smile, because I believe thou dwells almost unprofitably on these things; and oh! remember he whom thou mourns as lost is only gone before, perhaps to watch over thee from above, as a ministering spirit, and to welcome thee in the right time, to a land of bliss.

To the Same.

Angers, Fourth Month 9th.

. . . . I do not forget those whom I have left, even though they may not now claim my first

thoughts and my first care, as formerly. You are each often vividly brought to memory, and I long for a peep, unseen, across the Channel into the parlour of my former dear home, and a wish arises to administer to your comfort. I recur with gratitude to all your love for me; but He who has told us to cast all our care upon Him, will, I consolingly believe, supply all your need, and not only enable us with grateful hearts to enjoy the rich blessings He showers around our paths, but give the peaceful assurance that there is prepared for us one of those many mansions, He has promised to the lowly followers of a crucified Saviour.

Warwick, Fifth Month 18*th*, 1850.

My dearest Mamma,

Daily do my thoughts turn towards you, with earnest desires for the preservation of each, and that according to the different requirings your every want may be supplied; for we do know that our

Heavenly Father is more ready to give than we are to receive, and will richly bless all who in sincerity devote themselves to Him.

23*rd.*—Please tell my friends I often think of them during this instructive season (Yearly Meeting), and recur with fresh delight to some of the seasons I have passed in the Meeting-house, when it was my privilege to be able to assemble with them.

Chapel Allerton Hall,
Eighth Month 7th, 1850.

My beloved Brother,

I often think of thee with much love, and call to mind thy affectionate attentions to me; and I do desire the richest blessing may rest upon thee; that, as thou art concerned to devote the first of all thou hast to the service of thy Lord, so He may crown thee with his blessing on every hand.

To the Same.

Third Month 3rd, 1851.

—— seems very happy and peaceful, having that joy none can take away; and feeling that, as she rightly uses the talents entrusted to her care, they are increased to the glory of the Great Giver, and to her own reward. Oh! my dear brother, even amidst the much to distract thy attention, and the busy hum of that vast metropolis, may the still small voice reach thy ear—the spiritual ear; and may its influence be felt, drawing from the unlawful engrossments of worldly care, and centring thy mind on the heavenly rest prepared for those who seek early the Kingdom of God: so shall everything here be blessed, and a joyful inheritance prepared for the weary pilgrim. Thou knowest the Christian's path must be a chastened one—"his home is not here;" but, founded on the Rock of Ages, all is well. And he knows as the Master, so must the servant endure trial.

In the year 1851 her eldest little girl was born. Alluding to this interesting event, in writing to her brother, she says :—

I desire to feel truly thankful for the comparative quick restoration I am experiencing. I shall rejoice to show thee my sweet little baby, which I desire not to look upon as too certain a treasure: if she be spared to us, may I train her for the abode of bliss, beyond this transitory scene. I do believe I may say, each month assures me increasingly of the vanity of all, short of a preparation through redeeming love, for the heavenly home.

Hail, happy eve, that brought my babe to light!
A little pilgrim on life's chequered way;
Another source of sweet and fond delight,
Another heir of immortality.

Sixth Month 15*th*, 1851.

My dearest Mamma,

Uncle G.'s revival seems wonderful. I almost trust he may be spared a little longer; but how

blessed to be prepared for life or death, and to know either will work for our good. Ah! there is indeed an anchor for the soul both sure and stedfast, which no winds nor storms can move; and happy they who feel this support to be theirs.

To the Same.

Twelfth Month 12*th*, 1851.

I do not forget, to-morrow is the anniversary of our dearest Henry's death; nor have my thoughts been wholly diverted from the season during his illness. But I can more and more rejoice in his happiness, as I longer tread the path of life, and feel the temptations and probations of this chequered scene. I hope thou wilt also often be enabled to rejoice over this fresh cord of union to the land of bliss, and not grieve as if he were lost.

In the summer of 1852 she removed with her husband and family to Henbury Hill, near

Bristol. Here, in this beautiful locality, whilst her cup of happiness seemed full to overflowing, she did not forget the hand that had bestowed so many blessings upon her; but acknowledged the mercies of her Heavenly Father with heartfelt thankfulness. And here it may be observed, that in every relation of daughter, sister, wife and mother, the uniform tenor of her life testified, that she had been with Jesus; that she had sat at his feet, and had learned of Him, who is meek and lowly in heart; thus she was enabled, through the help of the Holy Spirit, measureably to keep the things of time in their proper places; to consider earth with all its attractions, only as a place of travel; looking constantly to a city of habitation, a dwelling-place with her God.

Henbury Hill, Sixth Month 8th, 1852.

My dearest Mamma,

. . . . I have been looking, Mamma dear, at thy likeness when thou wast a girl. I unpacked it this morning with some other treasures. I do value it very much; and it really does remind me of what thou art now, though so many years have rolled by, —years which have brought many a care and many a chastisement; but I trust also a large proportion of blessing and mercy; and it is good to number our benefits, and to think how unworthy we are of the least. Oh, if we were dealt with as we deserve, I often think how different my lot would be: we are so apt to forget from whom every good and perfect gift flows, and rather to repine at what we have not, than to let the song of praise arise for all we receive; and I do think that praise and thanksgiving are as acceptable to the Almighty as the language of prayer. It will be continual praise in heaven;

and we are at times favoured to feel much of the sweet rest and peace we anticipate in this probationary scene, perfected there.

In 1852, another claim was made on her tender care by the birth of a second daughter, to which circumstance she alludes in the following letter :—

Eighth Month 25th, 1852.

My dearest Mamma,

. . . . I am getting on very nicely. I thought it would be a satisfaction to thee to see my handwriting. I believe I do feel very thankful to the Author of every good gift for the nice little baby He has committed to my care; and for all his blessings bestowed on us, in permitting my recovery to progress satisfactorily. I have not had a single drawback.

To the Same.

Twelfth Month 16*th*, 1852.

[Having been to the Quarterly Meeting at Cirencester, she writes in postscript :—] I was interested on going into E. B.'s on the evening of the 13th, [the anniversary of her brother's death] in observing a memoir of our dear Henry lying on the drawing-room table. At first it was rather affecting. This feeling soon gave way to rejoicing in the glory revealed to him ; and the thought arose that no more sorrow ought to prevail for the loss of one gathered into the heavenly garner.

To the Same.

Twelfth Month 31*st*, 1852.

. . . . On the last day of the year I send thee a few lines, which will reach thee in due course on the first of 1853, and may it, my dear Mamma, prove one of peace and happiness to thee. We know it would not be good for us to be without

crosses—should we not be apt to take up our rest here, rather than seek an inheritance above?

To the Same.

Third Month 14*th*, 1853.

. . . . We have now thirteen in the kitchen, which requires no little providing for, to have matters go on smoothly: yet, dear Mamma, I do believe it is well for me to feel a little of the "ups and downs of life," for my lot is cast in a pleasant place; and I hail what makes me look more entirely for dependence on my Saviour, even in little things, for these are perhaps the most trying to bear. Dost thou remember the beautiful lines:—

"Thee to praise and Thee to know,
Constitutes our bliss below;
Thee to see and Thee to love,
Constitutes our bliss above.
Peace and happiness are Thine;
Mine they are if Thou art mine."

To the Same.

Fifth Month 13*th*, 1853.

We had a nice meeting this morning.—E. Allen and her husband on their way to London. She rose with the words, "The fathers where are they? and the prophets where are they?" and dwelt sweetly on the consolatory belief, that instead of the fathers there would be the children; for "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear." She was encouraging in her remarks, and afterwards J. A. took up the subject with much feeling.

Henbury Hill, Ninth Month 8*th*, 1853.

My dearest Mamma,

Thank thee for the few lines from thy own dear hand. I feel very languid to-day; except which, I am well, and have everything that can conduce to my comfort; and with all have never felt more re-

liance on the goodness of my Heavenly Father, that He will do all "well," and support me in the time of need. He graciously enables me to trust in Him, and feel much peace and quiet; so that I have only the song of praise to raise for all his loving-kindness, and of prayer, for his continued favours and mercies. My little ones are quite well; baby yesterday walked a few steps to me, for the first time. Little Gertie has often asked after thee; she can repeat her little hymn that I was teaching her when thou wast with me.

With very dear love to each of you,

I am, thy fondly attached daughter,

MARTHA LUCY PEASE.

On the 23rd of Tenth Month, about three weeks after the birth of an infant son, it pleased Him, "who doeth all things well," to overcast the scene, and visit with intensest sorrow the

happy home, by taking, in the midst of added joy and hope, the beloved wife and tender mother. She was suddenly seized with severe indisposition, and in about two weeks more had entered into that rest and peace, in the bosom of her Saviour, which she had so long by faith anticipated.

Immediately after the attack, which was attended with severe pain and laid her almost prostrate, she was placed on a sofa, where for forty-nine hours she remained in imminent danger. Her quiet submission amidst much bodily suffering was most striking. Her sweetness of temper even then did not fail her. It was truly instructive to be with her. Years of habitual self-control, in prayerful dependence upon the great Exemplar, had made lowliness and meekness, thankfulness and cheerful con-

tentment under all circumstances, seem to those around her to be almost her very nature. Amid these trying hours. He who had been the strength of her life, was her light and her salvation ; her exceeding comfort in all her tribulation.

She exhibited most entirely, an abiding in the will of God. She remained uniformly placid and trustful. " Calm on the bosom of her God" she waited his time. " My times are in thy hands,"—" Thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me,"—All my springs are in Thee," was the language of her heart, in substance oft expressed. At her own request, the twenty-third psalm and many favourite hymns were often read to her. For hours, almost nights together, her time was thus passed ; patience, peace, thankfulness, prayer, faith, and hope, were the atmosphere of

her death-bed scene. At length, after alternations of hope and fear, the case became quite hopeless; her strength sank, and the cold finger of death was laid upon her brow. On one occasion, and on one only, did she shed tears, or utter a single expression of lingering wish to stay. They were a mother's tears. The remembrance of her children was more than she could bear. The tender tie of maternal love could not be severed without a conflict. Perceiving in its full force the closing scene drawing nigh, a glow of intense emotion suffused her lovely, her expressive features. Little was said,—tears gently flowed. After a little, regaining her self-possession, she said, "I feel it so very hard to give up my children"—[Soon after,] "but my faith is very strong." "That thou wilt recover?" her husband

asked. "No,"—she emphatically added, "in my Saviour." After a pause, she requested that the account of our Saviour's sufferings in the garden of Gethsemane might be read to her: to this she listened with deep attention, and afterwards seemed to lay all her dearest earthly treasures at the Divine footstool; and, in the spirit of holy acquiescence, to say "Thy will be done." This was on First-day morning. She continued calm during the day; her bodily powers gradually becoming enfeebled, but with the mind clear to the very last, she patiently waited the dawning of eternal day in the paradise of God. "Can no more be done?" she said within a few hours of her decease; and, on receiving a reply in the negative, she seemed with confiding trust to await the summons. Perfect composure and a most impressive sweet-

ness of expression overspread her countenance. Her husband knelt in prayer—the last united prayer—it was a solemn, an agonising moment ; the depth of sorrow, the burst of heavenly joy. The last words were inaudible ; a gentle sigh heaved the breast—life forsook its beauteous tenement—the spirit returned to God who gave it.

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